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STONEWALL JACKSON.

Extract from the Lectures of Dr. Hunter McGuire.

Therefore, it was with swelling heart and deep thankfulness that I recently heard some of the first soldiers and military students of England declare that within the past two hundred years the English-speaking race has produced but five soldiers of the first rank—Marlborough, Washington, Wellington, Robert Lee and Stonewall Jackson. I heard them declare that Jackson's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, in which you, and you, and you, and myself in my subordinate place, followed this immortal, was the finest specimen of strategy and tactics of which the world has any record; that in this series of marches and battles there was never a blunder committed by Jackson; that this campaign in the valley was superior to either of those made by Napoleon in Italy. One British officer who teaches strategy in a great European college, told me that he used this campaign as a model of strategy and tactics and dwelt upon it for several months in his lectures; that it was taught for months of each session in the schools of Germany, and that Von Moltke, the great strategist, declared that it was without a rival in the world's history. This same British officer told me that he had ridden on horseback over the battle fields of the Valley and carefully studied the strategy and tactics there displayed by Jackson. He had followed him to Richmond, where he joined with Lee in the campaign against McClellan in 1862; that he had followed his detour around Pope—his management of his troops at Manassas; that he had studied his environment of Harper's Ferry and his capture, his part of the fight at Sharpsburg, and his flank movement around Hooker, and that he had never blundered. "Indeed," he added, "Jackson seemed to me (him) inspired." Another British soldier told me that for its numbers the Army of Northern Virginia had more force and power than any other army that ever existed.

High as is the estimate of the deeds of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, I heard these opinions with a new elation, for I knew they presented the verdict of impartial history; the verdict that posterity will stamp with its approval; a verdict—in itself such a tribute to valor and virtue, devotion and truth—as shall serve to inspire, exalt and ennoble our children and our children's children to the remotest generations.

You will not be surprised to hear of my telling them that of these five, thus overtopping all the rest, three were born in the State of Virginia; nor wonder that I reverently remember that two of them lie side by side in Lexington while one is sleeping by the great river, there to sleep till time shall be no more—three consecrating in death the soil of Virginia, as in life they stamped their mother State as the native home of men who, living as they lived, shall be fit to go on quest for the Holy Grail.

And now I hope I may be able to tell you what evidences of this accredited greatness—what warrant for the justness of this verdict—I, and others with me, saw in the quiet of the camp and in the rush of battle; and how I saw with my eyes, and stand here to declare, that his greatness vanished not nor faded, but the brighter shone, when the shadows of evening were falling and the darkness of death gathered round.

In seeking to define Jackson's place in history I accept Lord Wolseley's definition of a great commander. He declares in effect that the marks of this rare character are: First of all, the power—the instinct, the inspiration—to divine the condition and the purposes of your enemy. Secondly, the genius that in strategy instantly devises the combinations most likely to defeat those purposes. Thirdly, the physical and moral courage—the absolute self-reliance—that takes the risk of decision, and the skill that promptly and properly delivers the blow that shatters the hostile plans, so managing one's own forces (even when small) as to have the greater number at the point of attack. Fourthly, the cool judgment that is unshaken by the clash and clamor of

emergencies. And last, but not least, the provision—the caution—that cares for the lives and well being of the private soldiers, and the personal magnetism that rouses the enthusiasm and affection that make the commander's presence on battle field the incentive to all that human beings can dare, and the unquestionable hope and sure promise of victory.

Many incidents of Jackson's career prove that he possessed the instinctive power to know the plight, and to foretell the purposes of the Federal army and its commanders. To describe the first that I recall: While dressing his wounded band at the first Manassas, at the field hospital of the brigade at Young's Branch, near the Lewis House, I saw President Davis ride up from Manassas. He had been told by stragglers that our army had been defeated. He stopped his horse in the middle of the little stream, stood up in his stirrups (the sternest, palest face I ever saw) and cried to the great crowd of soldiers, "I am President Davis—follow me back to the field." General Jackson did not hear distinctly. I told him who it was and what he said. He stood up, took off his cap and cried, "We have whipped them—they ran like sheep. Give me 10,000 men and I will take Washington City tomorrow." Who doubts now that he could have done so?

When, in May, 1862, he whipped Banks at Winchester, and beat, what seemed then and even now, that an omen to follow him to Harper's Ferry, he not only knew the number and condition of Banks' army, but in his mind he clearly saw the locality and the strength of the armies of Fremont and McDowell, gradually converging from the east and the west toward Strasburg to cut off his retreat. He knew the leaders of these hostile forces, their skill and moral courage, and calculated on it, and this so nicely that he was able to pass between them without a moment to spare. Indeed, he held those hosts apart with his skirmishers, while his main army passed through, each commander of the Federal army in doubt and dread whether the mysterious Jackson intended one of his overwhelming blows for him; both doubtless hoping the other one would catch it. Certainly they acted in a way to indicate this.

With the help of Ashby and Stuart he always knew the location and the strength of his enemy. He knew the fighting quality of the enemy's forces, too. "Let the Federals get very close," he said to Ewell at Cross Keys, "before your infantry fires; they won't stand long." I asked him at Cedar Run if he expected a battle that day. He smiled and said: "Banks is in our front and he is generally willing to fight; and," he added very slowly and as if to himself, "he generally gets whipped."

La Grippe is again epidemic. Every precaution should be taken to avoid it. Its specific cure is One Minute Cough Cure. A. J. Shepherd, Publisher Agricultural Journal and Advertiser, Eldon, Mo., says: "No one will be disappointed in using One Minute Cough Cure for La Grippe." Pleasant to take, quick to act. W. Richardson.

USES THE NEWSPAPERS ONLY.—I never in my life used such a thing as a poster or dodger or hand-bill, says John Wamamaker, in the Wool and Cotton Reporter. My plan for twenty years has been to buy so much space in a newspaper and fill it up as I wanted. I would not give an advertisement in a newspaper of five hundred circulation for five thousand dodgers or posters.

If I wanted to sell cheap jewelry or run a gambling scheme I might use posters; but I would not insult a decent reading public with hand bill.

The class of people who read them are too poor to look to support in mercantile affairs. I deal directly with the publisher. I say to him:

"How long will you let me run a column of matter through your paper for \$100 or \$500?" as the case may be. I let him do the figuring, and if I think he is not trying to take more than his share I give him the copy. I lay aside the profits on a particular line of goods for advertising purposes.

At first I laid aside \$3000; last year I laid aside and spent \$40,000. I have done better this year and shall increase the sum as the profits warrant it. I owe my success to newspapers, and to them I freely give a certain profit of my yearly business.

Benevolent Despotism.

Ever since the opening of the discussion of the acquisition of tropical possessions, The Call has warned the country of the overshadowing importance of the labor question.

White labor cannot exist in the torrid zone. What labor is done there must be done by the tropical races.

A further fact is made plain by history and by current events. The tropical races will not work unless forced to do so. Nature presents no resistance that must be overcome in order that man may live under vertical sun. She supplies all his necessities and ministers to his physical wants with a lavish hand. Every country that has owned land and exercised sovereignty in the tropics has secured a surplus for commercial export by some form of forced labor.

Spain fell into inattention to the best use and development of her peninsular territory, because it was easier by forced labor to wring revenues and compel commerce out of her East and West Indian tropical islands. After centuries of this policy her tropical people rose in revolt against being forced to toil under natural conditions that made labor unnecessary for their own existence.

As a result of this revolt she has lost her possessions in the torrid zone, and will be driven now to exploit her home resources and no doubt will be regenerated, commercially and morally, by the compulsory change.

But we are stepping into her shoes, and as we do it our commercial classes are influencing the popular fancy by alluring pictures of tropical commerce to come.

Nearly four centuries ago, when the Pope divided the commerce of the newly discovered regions between Spain and Portugal, on the meridian of no variation of the magnetic needle, which was discovered by Vasco de Gama in his circumnavigation of Africa, those two countries entertained precisely the same exalted anticipations which are to-day rife throughout the United States. Immediately upon entering upon their torrid possessions they encountered physical conditions, which have not changed, that required involuntary labor to produce the commerce they had anticipated.

During the scores of years gone by since then the only surplus producing labor in the tropics has been compelled by the lash, or by penal contract, or some form of force. The Dutch are at it today in Java. England was driven by Wilberforce to abandon it in her West Indian islands, when she abolished slavery, and immediately their surplus production declined. The same story applies to Haiti and San Domingo, when France and Spain, respectively, were compelled to let go, and involuntary labor ceased within their borders.

Recently, Professor Kidd and Mr. Ireland have made a personal survey of the tropics, and unite in the conclusion that their commerce depends on some form of involuntary servitude.

Kidd falls back on the ancient doctrine that might makes right. As the temperate zone races cannot labor in the tropics, and as the tropical races will not labor voluntarily, he concludes that tropical commerce being desirable to the nations of the temperate zone, they have the right to exercise over labor in the tropics "a benevolent despotism," as the Dutch do in Java. This means the reduction of tropical labor to a condition of involuntary servitude.

Every physical and commercial fact involved in the situation demonstrates that, as we drive Spain out and enter upon her possession for the same purpose that she had in acquiring them in the fifteenth century, we must go, as she did then, with the lash for the back of labor in one hand and the demands of commercial avarice in the other, if we expect a commerce that will return to us the cost of conquest and of government.

The thirteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States says: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction."

The benevolent despotism, by which it is conceded we must force

tropical labor to produce a surplus for commerce, will directly violate the constitution.

There is no reasonable legal doubt that the penal contracts under which labor is forced in Hawaii to produce a surplus are obnoxious to the thirteenth amendment. Nor is there much room for doubt that if that labor contract system cease under the jurisdiction of the United States, the commerce of Hawaii will decline as the involuntary servitude of labor ceases.

The most profitable tropical possessions of Great Britain in this hemisphere is British Guiana, with an area of over 100,000 square miles and less than 300,000 inhabitants, and a total trade of over \$20,000,000, or nearly as much as the commerce of the Philippines. But forced labor produces this commerce in Guiana. It is performed by East Indian coolies, who comprise nearly one half of the population. Their labor is distinctly servile, but without it the colony, which has about the same population as Jamaica, would be equally worthless, commercially, to Great Britain.

It is well for our commercial bodies and the agencies which urge expansion in the tropics to consider these insurmountable physical conditions, and for Americans to know now that despotism exercised over labor is never beneficial, but produces that involuntary servitude which ceased under our jurisdiction with the abolition of slavery, and is forbidden by the constitution itself.—San Francisco Call.

Paul Perry, of Columbus, Ga., suffered agony for thirty years, and then cured his Piles by using De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. It heals injuries and skin diseases like magic. W. Richardson.

The Restful Calm of Home.

"It is high time that our women should lead calmer lives," writes Edward Bok of "The Rush of American Women" in the January Ladies' Home Journal. "They should get away from the notion that what we call 'progress' in these days demands that they shall fill their thoughts and lives with matters at the cost of their health or peace of mind. Our homes must have more of a restful calm, and our wives must not be lured into nervous haste and forgetfulness by wrong ambitions or foolish ideas of what the world expects of them. There must be left to every woman a clearly defined interval of leisure for the enjoyment of those influences which make our firesides homes of rest and places of satisfying and uplifting calm. It is a pardonable failing to have a pride in the beautiful things which our homes contain. But we must not let that feeling take the place of the influence the home itself exerts on those who make it or live in it. Let us live in and know our own homes, and get the advantage of that restful calm, than which nothing keeps us younger or more surely smooths out the trials of the day. If mothers will be calmer we shall see our girls becoming less nervous and more restful. Every home should have a central figure of restful tranquillity. Then would the influence go out to the children. But that can only be done by getting away from the confusing rush of too many duties: by arranging our lives so as to have time for health-light rest; by being at leisure with ourselves; by keeping the work of the home inside and the world outside within boundaries; by giving ourselves time to measure labor with its results; by looking into ourselves, and seeing what and how much we can do for others. Tranquillity is a priceless possession to either man or woman. It is worth many a sacrifice to enjoy it, and to gain that freeness of heart which will enable us to drink deep and long of love and home."

The smallest things may exert the greatest influence. De Witt's Little Early Risers are unequalled for overcoming constipation and liver troubles. Small pill, best pill, safe pill. W. Richardson.

Mr. S. A. Fackler, Editor of the Michigan (Fla.) Hustle, with his wife and children, suffered terribly from La Grippe. One Minute Cough Cure was the only remedy that helped them. It acted quickly. Thousands of others use this remedy as a specific for La Grippe, and its exhausting after effects. Never fails. W. Richardson.

Cure Cold in Head. Kermox's "Chenille Laxative" is easy to take and quick to cure cold in head and sore throat.

W. Richardson.

Miles Meat Scandal.

While in Cincinnati recently Gen. Miles submitted to an interview.

When asked as to the investigation into the beef rations' scandal he is now making, to which he referred in his testimony before the War Investigation Committee, he said:

"My suspicions were aroused several months ago and I at once instituted an investigation into the matter of sending beef to the Army in the West Indies. The reference in my testimony relating to 337 tons of refrigerator beef and 198,000 pounds of canned fresh beef, which was unfit for food, is only an item. This quantity was sent to one town in Porto Rico alone. How much more was sent to Porto Rico, I do not know."

"How was the beef supply for the Army in Cuba?"

"It was just as bad. The conditions there were no better than they were in Porto Rico, as I indicated in my testimony."

"How about rations before the Army embarked? Was the supply no better before the transports sailed than after the Army was established in Cuba?"

"It was the same at Tampa and the same at Jacksonville."

"Will you give a little more light as to what you meant by this assertion in your testimony before the War Commission?"

General Miles had suggested that the food was sent to his large army under the pretense of an experiment.

"I think," replied General Miles, "that that sentence is sufficiently plain. 'Pretense' is the precise term to use. It is absurd to pretend that these enormous quantities of beef were sent to an entire army simply as an experiment. To expect that the beef can be exposed to the tropical sun for 60 hours without putrefying is out of the question."

"How about the chemicals used in preparing this beef?"

"As I stated in my testimony, I believe that the action of these chemicals was largely responsible for the sickness in the Army. I have medical authority for this statement and I believe it to be true."

"How far along has your investigation into this subject progressed?"

"It began several months ago. I have the testimony of a large number of officers and men upon this matter, some of which I gave in my testimony before the Commission. My inquiry is still in progress, and some of the most important information I have received has been acquired in the last few days."

"What channel will this investigation take upon its conclusion?"

"I will not discuss that. It is my duty to investigate any wrong existing in the Army, and that I am now doing in the regular military manner. The work is not complete yet and until it is done I will have nothing more to add to the statement made by the Commission."

"What was the matter with the tents?"

"There was not enough of them. They were not suited to stand the weather and some of them were poor."

Don't get scared when your heart troubles you. Most likely you suffer from indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. It will cure every form of Dyspepsia. W. Richardson.

There is an Irish porter employed in a large establishment in London, one of the kind that will make a witty reply to any sort of question. He is very fond of expressing his views in general and has great admiration of his arguments, if he fails to get a listener he will talk to himself in lieu of something better. A member of the firm, being annoyed one day at his constant muttering, which he was unfortunate enough to hear, sent for him.

"Look here, John, did it never occur to you that your constant talk and muttering are a great annoyance to people who happen to be about? Why on earth do you chatter away to yourself, anyhow?"

"Shure, I have two reasons for doin' that."

"Two reasons! Well, what are they?"

"One of them is that I loike to talk to a sensible man, and the other is that I loike to hear a sensible man talk."

W. Richardson.